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SEPTEMBER, 1898.

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THE MANIFESTO.

Books & Papers.

A reprint from the JOURNAL OF HYGEIO-THERAPY and Anti-Vaccination is at hand, entitled Mental Influences in the Healing of the Body. Price 10 cts. T. V. Gifford, M. D., M. S. Kokomo, Ind.

IN FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for August, the United States Army is appropriately at the front, in an admirably illustrated article by Frederick S. Daniel. The development of our Army from colonial times to the present day is picturesquely traced, and American military warfare in general is well described. A most fortuitous timeliness favors the fine, up-to-date portraits of Generals Miles, Shafter, Merritt, Otis, Breckinridge, Graham and others. Blanca de Freyre Tibbits gives some highly interesting personal reminiscences, with family photographs, of Don Carlos, the chivalrous Pretender to the throne of Spain. A holiday in Antigua, one of the quaintest of the British West Indian islands, is described by Lillian D. Kelsey. "War Envelopes," by W. G. Bowdoin, and "Pheasant Shooting," by Howard Paul, are among the minor articles; and Mr. Wilf. P. Pond tells the boys, in a thoroughly practical manner, how to build boats. The Andrew Jackson series draws to a close with Mary E. Donelson Wilcox's second paper upon Rachel Donelson Jackson; while The Jews of the United States, by Abram S. Isaacs, is the latest of the Religious Denomination series. The American city described and illustrated this month is Kansas City, Mo. Of fiction FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY always gives a liberal supply. The current August number includes, besides Frances S. Williams's serial, Marie Tremaine, complete short stories by Gilbert Holt, F. Hinton, and others. The juvenile department, and J. Frederick Thorne's literary chat are excellent.

Wilhelmina, who is to be crowned Queen of the Netherlands on September 6 next, has personally sent to Mr. Bok, the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*—himself a Hollander by birth—one of her private portraits for publication in the next number of his magazine. It is the last portrait which will be taken of the little lady before her coronation, and will be printed in connection with a specially prepared sketch, showing the personality of the first Queen of Holland from every point of view.

Mr. George Kennan's Story of the War, now appearing in *THE OUTLOOK*, is constantly growing in interest. One of his latest letters takes up the subject of the management of the Florida camps and the starting of the Shafter expedition. Mr. Kennan treats this important topic freely and frankly, but with great fair-mindedness, admitting all possible excuses, and yet pointing out many ways by which prudence and foresight could have

avoided irritating delays. Mr. Kennan is now actually in Cuba, and his comments on the Santiago campaign will be awaited eagerly. (\$3 a year. The Outlook Co., 287 Fourth Ave. New York.)

Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, whose fame as a brilliant writer, a man of remarkable scholarship and literary attainments, is even greater than that of the distinguished senator, announces a new book on the subject of the American-Spanish-Cuban War. It is entitled *America's War For Humanity In Picture and Story*. It is published by the N. D. Thompson Publishing Co., of St. Louis, Mo. and is an exhaustive discussion of the causes of the war, and an equally exhaustive history of its incidents, and a brilliant analysis of the famous characters conducting it. It promises to be the one great and popular work called forth by this wonderfully interesting national episode. Whatever Senator Ingalls touches he adorns; and this book shines and sparkles in the light of his genius. The present work is worthy of his genius, and will be a monument to his fame. The subject now so engrosses the popular mind as to forecast for this book a sale that will be universal. It will be sold by subscription only, and the canvassing samples are now ready for agents. We advertise it in another column.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN for August is a digest of naval knowledge up to date, interesting alike to the warlike and the peace-loving. Its illustrations alone traced from week to week are a pictorial national history in themselves, and add to this excellent prose articles following up the avenues of modern invention, manufactures, art and science, and you have an idea of the worth of this indispensable journal. Munn & Co. N. Y.—\$3.00 a year.

WORD AND WORKS for Sept. contains this significant line; "Just trust in the Lord and do right." Is this not an excellent rule for re-establishing peace after disagreement? All is successful that rests on this foundation. This good paper is read with interest at our Office. \$1.00 a year—10 cts. single copy.

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BY

LLOYD H. CHANDLER, U. S. A.

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXVIII. SEPTEMBER, 1898. No. 9.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

AM I A CHRISTIAN?

By Jessie Evans.

WE live in a day of adulteration and deception. In the market that which is warranted to be "absolutely pure" is proved to contain foreign elements, and an article whose manufacture costs so much is deemed cheap at a price twice its real value. The mercantile world seems to be a race for shrewd bargains, and the shrewdest are its heroes.

This deceptive policy has found its way into the religious world to quite as alarming an extent. What can be more indiscriminate than the use of the term Christian? Under its sanctity thousands of denominations have sprung up, each claiming the nearest kinship to Christ's doctrine yet each in turn dissenting from the creeds of other churches. Catholic and Protestant alike hold dear the name of Christ and before the Christian altar the world nominally bows the knee. We put the question here and there: Are you a Christian? and we receive either a ready affirmative or at least, "I hope so." Only those who have outwardly fallen from the world's approved standard of moral rectitude shrink from meeting the question. But the *lower* the standard before which we answer this vital question, the better appears our personal standard and the freer is the response. A deep conception of the true meaning of the word CHRISTIAN leads us to pause ere we reply, and where the ideal in the mind accords with the true type of Christhood, our heads bow in the spirit of the publican as we murmur, "God be merciful to

me a sinner." It is a strange fact that those who live nearest to Christ within make the least outward show of doing so. They need no badge of discipleship, *their influence speaks for itself.*

Many, very many of us make a profession of following Christ, but there comes a time to us all when a public profession of faith in God feels like the shadow, and our weary souls cry for the substance of religion, the real possession of comfort and peace which the world can not take away and over which the sorrows of earth have no control. Our experiences of the past teach us that the nominal Christianity of creed, church, and tangible charities is, was, and ever will be inadequate to meet the needs of the *souls* of humanity and to answer its cries for permanent relief. Despite our church-going and our Bible-reading, the old hunger revives tho driven off for the moment, the stubborn sorrow of the heart refuses to be soothed.

Jesus said, "Judge not that ye be not judged," but he left no need for his disciples to be thus troubled, for he significantly added, "By their fruits ye shall know them." This leaves no room for doubt or mystery. Like causes produce like effects. As the Christ was and is, every perfect Christian must be; and only thus is the holy comfort which sustained Jesus through his earthly ministry ensured.

But we are proving from day to day to ourselves and to each other that we are *not* Christian to a degree satisfactory to the light of our day, and the pure principle is forcing its way up through the surgings of our national and individual life and is condemning all that "savorest not the things that be of God." We are dual—human and divine lodging for a time in the same casket. We do much to render the former prosperous and comfortable—but are there not further duties devolving upon us in behalf of the latter? Is our citizenship complete without reference to the "city set upon a hill?"

Whether we invite it or not, there comes a time to us all when the highest intelligence we are capable of receiving confronts us with real home thrusts. Opposite elements can not occupy the same place at the same time. Flesh and spirit do not coexist. When the Christian element enters the mind, it wages war instantly with its opposites. Christ is a synonym for all that is holy—the anointing spirit which rested upon Jesus when he stood confest in the Jordan. This spirit comes to "set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law, and a man's foes shall be they of his own household." It is in the seclusion of this "household" that the question quoted is most truthfully answered.

He who conquers *there* the suggestions of the selfish will and can say, as did Jesus, "I came not to do mine own will but the will of him that sent me," is a Christian wherever he may be found. And when you find him, he is hedged in by no dogma, he wears no particular costume, he repeats no special creed—his life is "a well of living water," his influence is a perpetual

inspiration, and his "light shines," not from conscious effort, but from the vigor of his "good works."

His mind has fathomed a deeper current than the transient things of earth. With a keener eye than his fellows, he has caught sight of the pearls far beneath, and the floating straw upon the surface is forgotten as he dives after the priceless gem. The Christian's joy is attained only by conscious suffering at the seat of the selfish life, for this reason "few there be that find it."

Jesus showed distinctly by his teaching that all would not and could not accept his peculiar mission, and for those who gave no signs of comprehending his words he expressed no anxiety. "His mission was to call mankind from the rudimental to a higher life—from the natural, carnal, selfish, partial, to the spiritual, unselfish, universal and Godlike." Those who had no light beyond the rudimental, enjoyed rudimental happiness and were satisfied. But here and there in Jesus's time souls were touched by the superior inspiration which emanated from his mind making even the "hem of his garment" sacred; and despite the parables which he employed "lest hearing they might hear," a few caught the hidden message and like little Samuel of old their rest of mind was forever broken. That holy truth has never left the earth. From generation to generation, the seed of Christ's exceeding righteousness has been preserved, not by the majority it is true; but dropt from heart to heart it has found lodgment here and there, and constitutes to-day the vital hope of the race.

In one of the Shaker Sermons written by Elder H. L. Eads is this passage: "Who can stand up with his hand on his heart and his eyes turned toward heaven, and say, 'I am a Christian?' I venture the assertion that not one can be found." It is indeed a fine point to draw the line between Christ and Antichrist. Who shall decide between the sheep and the goats? But the gentle Savior gives us this comforting assurance: "He that is not against us is on our part," and yet again "He that is not with me is against me."

As a Church, we dare not bind our thought life down to a written creed, for the infinite can not be bounded by the finite. Nothing less than the spotless Christ can be accepted as pattern. We dare not justify evil in any degree on the grounds that Jesus did not really mean what he preached that had he lived in our day and in our land he would have modified parts at least of the inexorable testimony he proclaimed—as many take liberty to do. Further than this, we dare not plead our inability to follow in his steps, for the God of our worship is infinite mercy affording "strength according to our day." As a Church we testify to the world boldly that our spiritual standard is the perfect Christian ideal, as mind expands to comprehend it—as individuals we still wrestle with the momentous question: Am I a Christian?—the emancipation of our higher nature from its earthly bondage is so gradual, so slow. The human and the divine continually strive together and as long as they alternate our sincerity is marred—but we are pledged never to recede.

We can see nothing mysterious in the career of Jesus. From childhood to manhood, his mind was the arena of noble triumphs over self-interests, until that glorious spirit was fully enthroned there whose presence empowered him to say, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me." The experience of each of his honest disciples must ever be the same, and if the disciplinary processes are borne without compromise by our weak human nature, as was the case with the perfectly developed character of the Savior, who shall say that the power of full and free salvation will not be ours in a degree commensurate with the strife?

East Canterbury, N. H.

PERSECUTIONS OF THE EARLY SHAKERS.

AS Samuel Johnson, a minister of the Presbyterian Church was engaged in prayer, several persons hurriedly entered the building and rudely dragged the praying brother from the meeting. After a mock trial before the British Justice, he was taken to Albany and charged with saying,—“People can not follow Christ and live in wars and fightings.” For this remark he was imprisoned in the jail of the old City Hall.

Deacon Fairbanks of the village of Harvard, Mass. was interested to have a mob drive the Shakers from the town, and procured two barrels of cider for his company. Four ministers were chosen as a committee, and Zabdiel Adams was selected as speaker. On meeting the Shakers, he remarkt;—

Are you willing to take up arms against Britain?

Elder William Lee replied,—I have never killed a creature with a gun, in my life.

But, said Adams,—Are you friends to America?

Yea, said Elder James Whittaker;—We are friends to all the souls of men.

But, supposing, said Adams, that one of your people should go into the war and should live to return to his home, would he not have to confess it was a sin?

Yea, said Elder James, if he, himself, believes it to be a sin, but we do not bind men's consciences.

The speaker then turning to Aaron Jewett, said;—When you confess your sins, did you not confess that going into the army, was a sin?

Aaron replied,—I was so far from confessing it as a sin that I never once thought of it.

The Committee then returned to the mob and reported,—We think the people better let the Shakers alone.

A mob of four hundred persons including ministers and deacons and honorable men of Society, as well as a coarse and vulgar company, being armed with whips, canes and cudgels, entered the village of the Shakers of Harvard,

Mass. and demanded the Elders to come forward and give themselves up. Many of the Shakers were on their knees, in prayer to God, that they might be guided in the spirit of Christ.

The mob soon burst open the doors and roughly seizing the Brethren and Sisters, by their garments, or by the hair, inhumanly dragged them from the house. In this company of Shakers were some one hundred persons who came from other towns and even from other states, and these the mob had decided to drive out of the place.

The infirm and those advanced in age, who did not walk so fast as their inhuman drivers thought proper, were rudely admonished by a severe stroke of a whip or some other instrument of torture.

For three miles or as far as the town line, the Shakers were whipt and kicked or beaten with canes and clubs. One brother had his arm broken, and another had several teeth knocked out. Jonathan Bridges was whipt nearly every step for a quarter of a mile, and became so faint that he fell by the side of the road. Neither sex nor age was regarded in this indiscriminate lashing and beating.

After all these cruel persecutions, the Elders would kneel in prayer to God, with this petition,—“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

FROST LESSONS.

By Amelia J. Calver.

ONE beautiful warm day in October, I wandered out among the vines and plants of our spacious garden, on which so much arduous toil had been bestowed, hoping to find some of nature's gifts which at this season even should have been left for us.

Generous had been the sower's hand, faithful the cultivator's; but lo! far and wide was seen only destruction. A single night of severe untimely frost had destroyed the hopes of days to come. “Oh” I exclaimed “why did not the frost delay until the abundant fruitage had ripened. These beautiful warm days are of no use now; the destruction is complete.”

And standing amid the frost-bitten vines and fruits, I read two lessons of life which so impressed themselves upon me that they remain indelibly stamped on memory's tablet.

In the first lesson these vines seemed to me like a circle of friends, living, growing and thriving together. The warm sun, the gentle rain, the refreshing dews brought forth delicious fruits of promised prosperity and all went well. But the storm came, the winds blew cold, self-control was lost and the cruel, heartless word fell like the biting frost, and the tender fruits of love, peace and confidence were destroyed. The storm past, the sun shone again, but the former growths of beauty and peace, where were they? Only frozen things.

Then I lookt further where I found herbage whose tops were destroyed yet whose perennial roots would after a time, again thrive in the sun and dew, and I said, "It is not all lost." There is a principle of growth in some hearts, which will outlive the chill, forgive and forget the frost and grow and thrive as kindly as ever.

But these useful tender annuals seemingly lost to all love and forgiveness will they never revive? Ah comes a happier thought. The spring will come again, we will "resow with worthier seed" and pray the "God of the Harvest" to perfect the fruitage ere the chilling frosts destroy.

That lesson was reviewed and on another page I read a still more impressive one. Here was a spot which I likened to inexperienced youth. Under the kindly hand of care and cultivation the fruits were fast ripening. But the watchful eye of experience knew that the reckless winds would bring destruction in their wake, and endeavors were made to shield the tender fruits from the destroyer's hand. But alas! not all would be thus shielded, but wandering out from the clustering protection, with heedless independence were left a prey to the cruel frost, and life, growth and usefulness were destroyed, and tho the sun shone warm, and the rains were reviving the once fair fruit was blasted which might have continued its growth until perfected, had they kept beneath the protection given.

And again I said; "Are these all lost too?" And again I saw perennial principles which will repent the past and take on new life and growth. Again I saw the soil for annuals resown, and I knew the "Lord of the Harvest" would watch to nurture the tender growth.

And as I studied these comparisons, I thought O what happiness would be mine if I could so impress the young, the inexperienced to stay beneath the kindly protection of obedience and of love, until age and experience shall perfect the fruit beyond the danger of destructive frosts. How many heart-aches would be saved for those who see in purity and culture their only growth, and how much tender fruit might be saved which seems uselessly lost.

But thank God that in this day of enlightened revelation there is no eternal doom. There is always a way back to the path of safety and virtue. It is never too late to repent, and for those who strive with an earnest purpose, there is always a helping hand.

So with hope and courage let us look forward to the new perennial growth, and the tender thriving of new seed.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

JETS from the fountain of inspirational thought are as prisms through which to attract the rays of divine truth.

C. Allen.

NOTHING more detestable does the earth produce, than an ungrateful man.

THE SILENT PATH.

By Arthur E. Massey.

THE Silent Path is best
 For seekers after Peace,
 It yields the soul sweet rest,
 From outside things—release!
 It bears us up to heights
 That far outvie each star,
 Revealing glorious sights
 No earthly pain can mar.
 It links us with the angels
 Whose strength becomes our own;
 We hear their sweet evangel—
 A celestial loving tone,
 Now borne upon the vernal breeze
 Of unseen realms—yet near!
 We sink in rapture on our knees,
 In praise to God, so dear!
 We thank Thee, God, with all our heart
 For restful calm beyond compare,
 And that the same Thou may'st impart
 To all our brethren,—is our prayer.
Narcoossee, Fla.

WHAT IS IT TO BE SPIRITUALLY MINDED?

By Annie R. Stephens.

HE who discovers new forces in nature that uplift humanity to higher altitudes, is a benefactor to all times. A century ago the noble Franklin caught the lightning from the cloud, and since then man has harnessed this subtle force to do his bidding,—a willing and obedient slave. The first message flashed across the ocean was, "What has God wrought," and well may we re-echo this when we think of the marvels of electricity. What electricity has been to the nineteenth century, the power of mind will be a similar, if not a greater force to the twentieth.

Men have been thinking since the Creator endowed them with the faculty, but the majority of mankind have tended downward instead of upward, they have thought from the outer rim of being, instead of the divine center. Thought is a force, and all forces unless directed in their legitimate channels are destructive. Full well we know the destructive force of evil thought, in the lust, greed, selfishness and disease expressed in human lives. "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" That spirit that goeth upward is the power of

pure, exalted thought; and the spirit that goeth downward to the earth, is the power of sensual thought that seeks gratification through the senses, wasting the life forces that should be directed in the channel of holy desire.

Paul refers to the "carnal mind" and to the "spiritual mind," when he says, "I find a law in my members, warring against the law in my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin and death." To those who would be spiritually minded, who seek to live on the higher plane of existence, the inevitable conflict must go on between the carnal and spiritual mind. Which one of us can claim that on all occasions we think that which is purely upright? Which one of us can claim that our higher will holds in absolute control that mighty current,—mind force? Who can claim that they have brought into subjection to the law of Christ, all the turbulent elements of the soul? Few have risen to such altitudes.

We are all pilgrims seeking perfection, and may keep before us that bright hope, that we may yet be perfect, even as our Father in heaven is perfect, tho it may require conflict after conflict, and a life-long struggle before we know of the supremacy of the God-life within. "My mind to me a kingdom is," said a great philosopher. How may we rule and reign in this kingdom of mind as the absolute authority? How may we assume the rightful sovereignty over this vast domain, that reaches from earth to the stars, from the finite to the Infinite? "If thine eye offend thee pluck it out;" this must mean if thy thought offend thee pluck it out, and cast it from thee. Are we dissatisfied with our mental or moral states? do we wish to reconstruct our own souls that they may reflect more clearly the divine image within? then we must begin with the smallest flaw in our characters; it may be a thought of vanity, of self, of envy, no matter what it be if it stands as a barrier between our soul and the light of truth. If we have yet to learn, not only to control our thoughts, but to overcome evil with good by transforming the low desire into the pure gold of spirituality, we are yet slaves, and not conquerors in our own domain.

The laurel-crowned victor of the coming age will not be the blood-stained hero, but he who ruleth his own spirit; and in ruling his own spirit, man will yet discover latent potencies within his own mind that will rise up and crown him king, through which he will control all the forces of nature; for is he not made to have dominion over all things? When mankind realize that through their higher spiritual thought, they are brought into oneness with the Infinite Spirit, they will be able to do all things through the indwelling Christ. As light penetrates darkness and overcomes it, so the thought of good is stronger than the thought of evil; and is it not the grandest truth of the age, that man can so control and direct the powers of his mind, as to find the triumph of health over disease, goodness over evil and truth over error? By correct thinking he may bring about those Millennial conditions that bring forth love, wisdom and justice in the earth.

Down through the years men have hired preachers to do their thinking for them, and relied upon them as infallible guides, instead of seeking a knowledge of the truth that would make them free indeed. We revert with pitying thoughts to the serfdom of the body, but mental servitude is far worse. Mankind have been content to drift with the downward current of thought; have tethered their Ship of Progress to the shore of conservatism and filled it with the ballast of tradition, creeds and various forms of ancient thought. A new age has dawned upon us, already we feel its thrilling tide of life, awakening us to the consciousness of the life of God in the soul of man. A new thought is rapidly filling the world, that ultimately will displace prejudice and selfishness, and win human hearts over to altruism and brotherly love.

It is astonishing to learn of the various methods for spiritual culture adopted in all parts of the civilized world. The "Whole World's Soul Communion" will yet, through the concentration of its silent, soulful force, conquer the world to truth and righteousness. The increase of books, magazines on topics pertaining to higher thought; and classes for mental and spiritual culture, predict that thought, not swords; that ideas, not cannon are the conquering forces of the New Age.

What is it to be spiritually minded? It is to keep the mind continually suffused with uplifted thought; to keep the windows and doors of our mental mansions forever closed against any inharmonious, intruding element.

The wonderful power of mind has been likened to a camera, that reproduces, on a rightly prepared plate, exact pictures of material objects; so the mind, with a greater exactness photographs all mental action, thoughts and ideas on its plastic substance.

Would we hang the corridors of our souls with beautiful pictures? then we must think that which is true and pure, image that which is beautiful and enduring. By habitual contemplation of lofty ideals, we may make our mind a mansion to dwell in, a treasure-house to explore. "Mind is a thing of progress. It is made to grow, not to remain stationary; there is no limit to its knowledge and God-like capabilities. Exert it strongly and wisely and it will soon stand among the sons and daughters of light, and shine among the cherubim and seraphim of the eternal world."

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

CAUSE and effect are two ends of the same beam—the positive and negative extremities. If they could be separated, both would cease to exist at once. But when a magnetic beam or rod is separated, both parts assume the positive and negative qualities of the original rod. So cause and effect tho ever so obscurely hidden among the mysterious manipulations of environment are never separated in their final issue.—*O. C. Hampton.*

THE MANIFESTO.

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is published by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

Address all communications to
HENRY C. BLINN,
East Canterbury,
Mer. Co., N. H.

TERMS.

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A cross in the margin will show that your subscription has closed.

REMITTANCES for subscription by Money Order should be on the Post Office at Concord, N. H.

NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

July.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

Thermometer.	Rain.
1897. 74.3	15 in.
1898. 75.3	* 2.125 "
Highest Temp. during this mo.	94 above 0.
Lowest " " " "	48 " "
Number of rainy days " " "	6
" " clear " " "	16
" " cloudy " " "	9

August, 1898.

WE have past the summer solstice and shall soon be face to face with the autumnal equinox. It is arranged that twice a year the days and nights are equal from pole to pole. There seems to be an aim

at a semblance of equality in mundane conditions, and as earthly arrangements are said to typify the ethnical, ethical and spiritual relations of the human race, as anticipated in the era of the great Millennium, when all shall stand on the plane of equality, where there are neither rich nor poor; where all are partakers of the bounties of kind Providence, "Where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; where there shall be neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are past away;" the conditions in this anticipated era of superlative happiness will by far exceed all the deductions drawn from present mundane presentations.

It is well to have anticipations of future improved conditions of humanity, as it forms an impetus to induce us to strive for its attainment. So let us be faithful in our day and calling, that it may not be said of us as it was to the Church of the Laodiceans,—"These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true Witness, I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

Well as to present conditions, we are favored so as to have a plenty to eat and to drink.

New potatoes are served as a change from those of last year's growth. Peas have proved nearly a failure; but cultivated raspberries and blackberries have done well and are relished by the majority. Cherries have been abundant and have engaged the attention of several pickers for many days. Apples and pears are now in use. All of these with fresh vegetables are pleasant to our hungering appetites.

July has been a pleasant but rather dry month up to the 25th; since this date we have had an abundance of rain. Harvesting of hay and grain is occupying the strength of hands and teams. The potato and corn crops look splendid. The hay crop is excellent. The oats are affected with rust, but they are well filled and are being cut.

We are anticipating a pleasant visit with Elder Henry C. Blinn, who is now only four miles east of us. We expect before long to shorten that distance by four miles. In the Church family here, all are up and in duty serving God with heart and hands.

Calvin G. Reed.

North Family.

August, 1898.

NEARING the harvest time of the year we ask, are we not continually in the harvest time of life? are we not reaping to-day what we sowed yesterday, and can we look with pleasure to our future reaping? If we are in the ever living present, we need not dread a dark shadowy future. Life comes to us as we draw from living or stagnant wells. To lay down our spiritual energy, and think to subsist upon what we have already garnered will not satisfy. The manna, in days of old, needed to be gathered every day to meet the demands of the people, and the spiritual manna should descend upon us continually or else our souls perish.

But what of the material harvest? Sixteen bushels of beans have been pickt and canned for winter use. Blackberries are growing abundantly, careful training by good Brethren make it quite easy picking, but never-the-less thorns and briers cause many an exclamation from young hearts who have not learned as yet how to avoid the piercing sting.

Fifty letters have already been received in consequence of the recent article in "The Ladies' Home Journal," some asking for further information, others as applicants into our home life. We hope, through the guidance of divine wisdom, souls who are hungering and thirsting for the bread and waters of spiritual life will feel their needs supplied.

Sarah J. Burger.

South Family.

August, 1898.

AGAIN we pause in our daily occupation and find leisure for HOME NOTES. Our hay crop is of the finest; all grains have

yielded a splendid harvest. Potatoes are superior in quality and plentiful in quantity compared with last year's growth. We have some splendid blackberries and raspberries of home cultivation, so find no need of borrowing or begging from the mountain heights tho we greatly enjoy our rambles up the cragged peaks of the glorious hills in search of blue berries, which are quite a failure this year. We have secured some and hope to make sure of more in a few days.

We learn that our Editor-in-chief, Elder Henry C. Blinn is just a little way over the mountain with friends at West Pittsfield. We hope he will deem it wise to call on his Mt. Lebanon friends before his return home. We are all anticipating his coming in the near future.

Eldress Annie Case, of the Watervliet South family, in company with Mrs. Maggie Barthwick of Albany, made us a hurried visit one afternoon in July.

Sister Marion Scott, of the Sonyea family at Watervliet, made us a brief but interesting visit a few weeks ago. We are ever glad to meet our friends from far or near, all bring sunshine and brightness with them.

Genevieve DeGraw.

Shakers, N. Y.

August, 1898.

THE public press has recorded the translation of one more of the veterans who battled for the releasement of our nation from the thralldom of chattel slavery, he has joined the church triumphant—Parker Pillsbury in his association with those valiant souls Garrison, Phillips and Sumner formed a host who were invincible and could not be defeated.

We have perused with a great deal of pleasure and profit "Acts of the Antislavery Apostles," by his pen. The coming generation could be benefitted by the study of those lives, reviewing their conflicts and their victories, preparing themselves to deal intelligently and with decision

with the questions that to-day are demanding a righteous adjustment.

We have had beautiful weather for our grain and hay harvest, some three weeks past during our harvesting season without rain. While some other crops were needy the excellent quality of this harvest will more than compensate.

We will again speak approvingly of the subject matter in the Aug. MANIFESTO. The excellent ideas there illustrated must have a beneficial effect. Where one listens to a verbal sermon one hundred peruse it when published where it can be circulated among the masses. The age is a reading one and tho our MANIFESTO may occupy only a little of the space and time given to the perusal of the ideas published and placed before the public some of which are wise and some otherwise; yet we believe it has its mission and should be sustained not by caustic criticisms but by holding up the hands of the editorial department in their efforts to place before the public that which is for the benefit of the masses, and willing to give time and means to forward this end. Long live THE MANIFESTO and our veteran editor.

Hamilton DeGraw.

Enfield, N. H.

August, 1898.

AMONG friends entertained the past month, was Mrs. Chestina Hutchinson Wooster, who is engaged in the W. C. T. U. work, and who gave us an excellent discourse upon Christian Citizenship.

The Christian citizen, she said, will not only support those who preach the kingdom of God, but he will have it his duty to inaugurate that kingdom by his own daily life,—by his influence,—all placed in the balance against unrighteousness.

There is corruption in high places. Men divorce their citizenship from their religion. Their prayer and their act conflict. They choose among evils, of two evils, sometimes the least, when they should discard both.

In this holy war of righteousness

against unrighteousness, we need not so much be fighters as builders—men who live and act by a habit within, of definite convictions on the important questions the people's lives, having the courage to advocate civic righteousness and defend its cause. "Grand, square and upright" are the characters demanded to work for God and home, who cease to be competitors and become comrades in the onward march toward grander developments of manhood and Christian duty.

We also had the pleasure of again welcoming to his old home, our reverend father, Elder Abraham Perkins, of East Canterbury. As he went among the inmates of his former home, his physical sprightliness and mental activity convinced us that ninety-one years had dealt well with him, and that he had wisely kept the vigor of life that yields untold soul wealth to the faithful pilgrim. True it is,—

"When each fulfills a wise design,
In his own orbit he will shine."

George H. Baxter.

East Canterbury, N. H.

Aug. 1898.

NOT for ten years, at least, has such a heavy crop of hay presented itself for storage. We shall not pull down our barns "and build greater," however, tho ingenuity has been taxed to its utmost to take advantage of all available space of shelter for the same. The upland haying closed on the 15th inst.

Early apples furnish abundant dessert, and late varieties are to be not a whit behind except in time. We have occasion to be very grateful that this New England staple is so prolific. The Baldwin, Virgin and Porter varieties are especially full and fine. A large strawberry bed is gradually establishing itself in the midst of the vegetable garden, and next year we may write more particular statistics.

Ensilage corn has far outstript the human race, being twelve feet tall at present writing, and some one ventures the pertinent fact that it is co(r)stantly growing.

Three huge silos stand gaping to receive it, but "patient waiters are no losers" in this case.

A heavy crop of peaches is weighing down the branches of the trees, but quite lifting us up at the prospect. Peach year comes here only once in seven, so say old residents, hence is a special favorite.

Sisters visit neighboring beaches at this season to solicit patronage for our manufactures. Reports from them strike a chord not inharmonious with HOME NOTES and we are glad to remember that in seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness to us are ensured "all these things" necessary to maintain the representation of that kingdom on the earth.

Jessie Evans.

Narcoossee, Fla.

August, 1898.

NOTWITHSTANDING the cold weather, the dry weather and the wet weather there is plenty of life left in the old land of Florida. From nearly all sections of the state comes the cheering news that the orange crop will be good. There was a large summer bloom this year and the late crop will be quite large.

Our work through the month of July has been long and arduous. It consisted of fencing a five hundred acre lot on the south side of our lake, to be rented as pasture. The rounding up of our cattle called for a week of hard labor on horseback. The remainder of the month between showers has been filled by planting our crop of sweet potatoes, which is done by resetting the vines or tops which are cut from 12 to 14 inches long.

Our cattle, which have been free to roam over our vast acreage, have stood the drouth far better than we expected.

The fires that were constant and almost over every part of our plantation destroyed large amounts of feed and this caused the cattle to narrow down on the feeding grounds. Even the muck, the best part of the farming land, took fire and in some places burned for months,

causing quite a sensation among the farmers as to their pasturage, but since the winter rains have commenced and the fires have gone, the farmers begin to have a little hope that the hard times are past, and the indications of returning prosperity are here.

It is true, the people here have but little money, but they are at work, and the crops of peas, potatoes, hay and velvet beans are exceedingly large. Added to these the sale of cattle which is now opened with Cuba, looks to be the salvation of the country, which is a thing now hoped for.

"As thrashing separates the corn from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue," a well-applied motto to the Florida pioneer from the first day to the present time. It has been a thrashing work, and we have realized very little wheat from our labor. True! physically we are resurrected from the every winter sore throat and all other lung diseases, with the exception of our good Sister Nancy Dow, who has been troubled all her life, more or less with inflammatory rheumatism and believed she could find the elixir of life by removing to Florida. It has, however, been a sad mistake, Florida climate can never cure rheumatic people, and she now lies patiently waiting the call of the Boatman to pass over to the other side where she can enjoy a fulness of health.

Andrew Barrett.

THE TURNKEY.

No. 3.

By Elder H. C. Blinn.

THE attempt of the blacksmith to play the dentist, far exceeded that of the shoemaker, and proved a sad disaster to the patient. This case will be found illustrated in Fitch's Dental Surgery, page 347 and is in part as follows;—

"In the year 1830 one McIlhenny of Back Creek, Va. called on a blacksmith by the name of Snyder, for the extraction of the upper second molar, on the right side. Snyder was considered an adept at

extracting teeth with the blacksmith's pincers. He had powerful muscles and was well calculated to tear the teeth from their sockets.

He seated his patient on the ground, and holding his head back as in a vice, placed the pincers partly on the right tooth. Taking the handles in both hands he gave a tremendous pull. The fangs of the tooth were greatly bifurcated, and the jaw bones proved to be too weak for such a strain. Suddenly a part of the jaw was torn away, and with it six of the sound teeth."

A similar case to the above is published in Harris' Dental Surgery, page 361. This operation like the above was at the hands of a blacksmith and occurred in Jackson, N. C. "In attempting to extract one of the superior molar teeth, he brought away a piece of the jaw, containing five other teeth."

These extreme cases, however, do not occur every day, which is our great consolation. It seems like a fearful accident, and should warn every one to exercise great care, in whom they place their trust. But the Turnkey in the hands of the dentist has also made some sad records, and two and three teeth have been pulled from their sockets, when one only, should have been taken.

It is no wonder that Dr. Harris calls the key a "dangerous instrument, which is only fit to mask the unskillfulness of the operator. It is one of the most defective of surgical instruments and no practitioner of good sense, being convinced of its mode of action, would attempt to employ it if he wisht to extract a nail from a hole, if he did not desire to break the wall."

An illustration of this inquisitorial key can be seen in Bell's Surgery, Vol. 4, Plate 46 and on the adjoining page, the figures of two instruments that were invented in Europe for the extracting of teeth. These last are nameless, but one of them is an exact representation of the "Canthook" that is used by the lumbermen.

It is fortunate for those who have any

teeth, that the above order of dentists and their special instruments of torture are becoming less and less. Under the management of the family physician, serious accidents did not very frequently occur, but there were incidents not really pleasant, and at the same time, to both physician and patient, not very agreeable.

The case of the doctor dentist who had his student in attendance to witness the extraction of some teeth, is to the point. After a long preliminary lecture on the use of forceps, and the correct way of using them, he remarks;—"Now, you must do like this," and placing the forceps, on the tooth, he made one motion and broke the crown from the root. An apology followed, and of course, the fault was in the tooth. The student must understand that such cases, altho rare, would sometimes occur, and could not, possibly, be avoided.

The forceps were then prepared for another tooth, and the student was to observe just how it was done, in order, even, to avoid an accident like the first. The forceps were again adjusted, amid a flourish of words on practical dentistry, and a first class job was to be the result. As the hand tightened on the handles of the forceps, and a pressure was brought to bear upon the tooth, it broke from the root exactly as did the first. After a few words, a few looks and a few gesticulations, the student's lesson in dentistry ended for that time.

Sometimes the physician met with well-earned success. He says to his patient,— "Sit down on the floor." Then taking the patient's head between his knees, he reaches for his lance. With this he cuts the gums from the tooth. It is a painful operation and especially, should the lance slip and cut an unpleasant gash across the adjoining tooth. This operation over the physician passes to the table for the purpose of preparing the "Turnkey." An old silk handkerchief is twisted around the instrument to form a pad, that in breaking the tooth from its socket, the fulcrum may not hurt the jaw too severely.

The doctor dentist is now ready; the turnkey is ready, and the patient with his head between the knees of the physician is also ready. The adjustment of this inquisitorial instrument occupies several minutes. Possibly this bungling mass of rags and iron, and the doctor's fingers, which last have been added to hold the claw in place, till the pressure was applied, are all in the patient's mouth. All these may be removed for a second inspection, that he may be sure not to pull two teeth instead of one. The claw and rags and fingers are again pushed into the mouth, when with one vigorous turn of the key handle, the tooth is thrown upon the floor.

With all the dread of waiting for the several varied processes of preparation, and the savage cruelty of tearing out the tooth, there is a fractional relief to know that the job is over.

Very few persons at the present day will share the experience of having a tooth extracted with a "Turnkey" or Dentist's key or even with a lumberman's "Cant-hook."

But for a genuine specimen of first class torture, that is to be consummated in so short a time, this form is especially recommended for trial.

Indeed, laid on the shelf. This is the fate of many of the instruments that have been used in the extracting of teeth. Especially true is this of the "Turnkey" and "Dentist's Canthook," which may now be found only among the curiosities of a cabinet. I have before me specimens of the above Dentist's tools, and regret that I can not learn the name of the last one, unless it is the same as I have written.

East Canterbury, N. H.

[Written in Memory of Eldress Louisa Farnum, who departed this life June 2, 1897. At White Water, Ohio.]

TRIBUTE OF LOVE.

By Joseph L. Berne.

LOUISA FARNUM came among Believers with her mother when a small child, lived

the life of a Christian Believer, and died with the harness unruined, a noble follower of Christ.

Eldress Louisa needs no tribute to her memory, her life was a perfect pattern of holiness, and her gospel children can "rise up and call her blessed."

If ever there was a truly good woman, that was Eldress Louisa.

I knew her well when I was a young man, and she was the Elder Sister of the Center family. She managed all under her control with Christian love, above all setting an example of what her faith was, by good works.

I can see her now at her work, always busy, a good word and pleasant face encouraging all that came in contact with her. Her influence was unbounded and entirely unselfish, for the good of every one and the Society at large. She was truly a wonderful woman and had her life been thrown anywhere, among any people, her influence would have been felt and controlled the many, for Louisa Farnum was not a common-place person, but endowed with sound sense and profound judgment. Her labors of life are ended and she is called up higher.

This truly good mother in Israel has left her children in the gospel, many examples of patience and a holy life, that made her countenance that of open truth. When I last saw Eldress Louisa, she had grown quite feeble, but the fire of zeal was there yet and the same pleasant face bade me welcome.

We all loved her who knew her, whether among the Shakers or outside. She has gone to her reward, and has indeed past many places of crushed hearts, and felt the bitings of the chisel that moulded her life into that which was beautiful and grand, for I knew of many severe trials, and deep waters of anguish her soul past through and came out of the fire refined.

She has faithfully worked and earned her everlasting reward. One of the brightest of stars in God's Kingdom that ever graced the household of White Water, her journey is over, the burden of life laid down,

and she has entered those mansions of joy, prepared for the pure in heart in God's everlasting Kingdom.

Memphis, Tenn.

THE SHADOW OF SELF.

It is told of Michael Angelo, the greatest sculptor the world has ever known, that it was his habit to work much at night, when quiet hours gave him opportunity for the severest thought, which is so evident in all he wrought. He found, however, that night labor was not without its disadvantages. No matter where he placed his light, at some critical moment or in some unexpected place his shadow was sure to be thrown upon the statue he carved. But at last he hit upon a plan that did away with the difficulty. He fastened a candle to the stiff paper cap he wore while working, and then the light shone clear and full upon the portion of marble he was carving, with no shadow of himself flitting between his eyes and his work.

There is a lesson here for all. The greatest hindrance to us as sculptors of life is this shadow of self which is so prone to fall in unexpected places, dimming our perception of the clear, sharp outlines of truth and duty, and spoiling by false proportions the dignity and beauty of the character we would portray as our own.

To do a kind thing that we may be thought obliging, is to miss entirely the grace of the act, so far as we are concerned. To be generous for fear of being thought mean, is little if any better than downright selfishness. In short, to do right for any other reason than because it is right, is to fall short of the ideal, to make a false stroke on life's statue because the shadow of self has come between it and the light.

Does some one ask, What is the light by which we may guide ourselves as day by day we chisel out character that must endure throughout eternity? There is but one answer—Christ. And as the great sculptor placed his candle on the

front of his cap while he wrought, so we must put Christ above our own preferences, our own wills. The clear shining of that Light upon each day's appointed tasks, and working ever in its radiance, we shall make no mistakes.—*Young People's Weekly.*

OUR EXCHANGES.

THE HUMANE JOURNAL is published in Chicago, by the Illinois Humane Society. It is a beautiful little teacher of the law of kindness.

THE FIREBRAND is published monthly by the "World's Faith Missionary Association" and edited by C. S. Hanley. It has come out in a beautiful new dress, and the whole make up of the paper is pleasing to the eye. The FIREBRAND is true to its name in the "lighting of Watch Fires in every land."

THE EVANGEL is devoted to the restoration of primitive Christianity. It is published in Buffalo, N. Y. We shall wish the little magazine the best of success and shall be deeply interested to learn how primitive Christianity is defined.

Deaths.

Fannie McCoemack, at South Union, Ky. July 20, 1898. Age 58 years 1 mo. and 6 days.

Sister Fannie entered the Community at the age of eleven years. J. C.

John Pilot, at Watervliet, Ohio. Aug. 4, 1898. Age 83 years and 6 months.

Brother John has devoted forty years to the upbuilding of our Zion home, a conscientious Christian worker. J. O. T.

William Birde, at East Canterbury, N. H. Aug. 12, 1898. Age 43 years 1 mo. and 15 days.

Eldress Dorothy Ann Durgin, at East Canterbury, N. H. August 24, 1898. Age 72 years, 9 months and 1 day.

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